OF

WE ARE SEVEN.

FRONTISPIECE.

Whene'er I take my walks abroad,
How many poor I see!
What shall I render to my God
For all his gifts to me?

THE

LITTLE MAID

AND

The Gentleman;

OR,

WE ARE SEVEN.

EMBELLISHED WITH ENGRAVINGS.

YORK:

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UPB

WE ARE SEVEN.

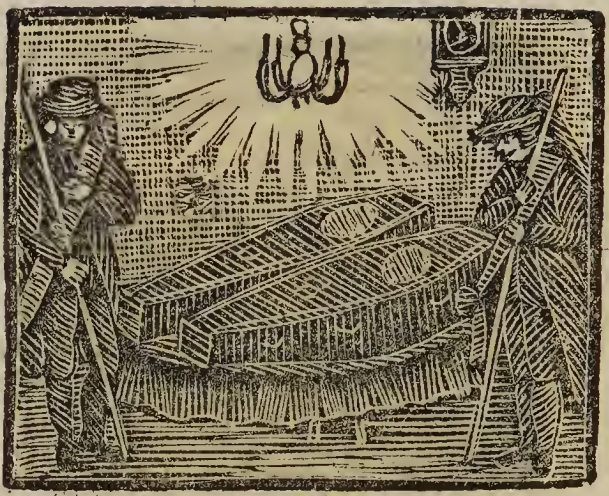
A simple child dear brother Jim,
That lightly draws his breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death.

I met a little cottage girl,
She was eight years old she said ;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That cluster'd round her head.

She had a rustic woodland air,
And she was wildly clad ;
Her eyes were fair, and very fair,
Her beauty made me glad.

"Sisters and brothers, little maid,
"How many may you be;"
"How many; seven in all," she said,
And wond'ring look'd at me.

"And where are they, I pray you tell,
She answered "seven are we,
"And two of us at Conway dwell,
"And two are gone to sea.

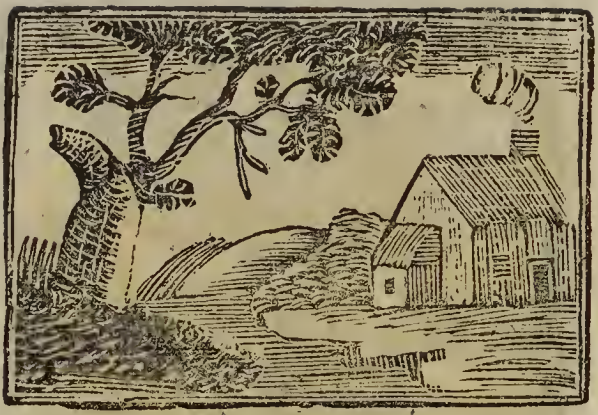


"Two of us in the church-yard lie,
"My sister and my brother,
"And in the church-yard cottage, I
"Dwell near them with my mother.

"You say that two at Conway dwell,
"And two are gone to sea,
"Yet you are seven: I pray you tell,
"Sweet maid, how this may be."

Then did the little maid reply,
"Seven boys and girls are we;
"Two of us in the church-yard lie,
"Beneath the church-yard tree."

"You run about my pretty maid,
"Your limbs they are alive:
"If two are in the church-yard laid,
"Then you are only five."



"Their graves are green, they may be seen,"
The little maid replied;
"Twelve steps or more from my mother's door,
"And they lay side by side.

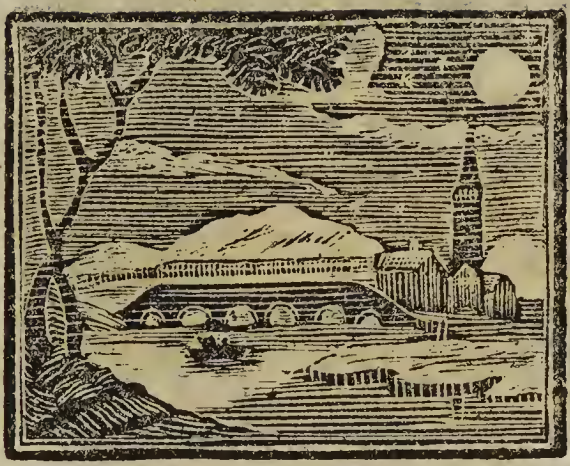
"My stockings there I often knit,
"My kerchief there I hem;
"And there upon the ground I sit,
"I sit and sing to them.

" And often after sun-set sir,
" When it is light and fair,
" I take my little porringer,
" And eat my supper there.

" The first that died was little Jane,
" In bed she mourning lay,
" 'Till God released her of her pain,
" And then she went away.

"So in the church-yard she was laid,
"And all the summer dry,
"Together round the grave we play'd,
"My brother John and I.

"And when the ground was white
with snow,



"And I could run and slide,
"My brother John was forc'd to go,
"And he lies by her side."

"How many are you then;" said I
"If there are two in heaven."

The little maiden did reply,
"O master, we are seven;
"But they are dead; those two are dead,
"Their spirits are in heaven!"

'Twas throwing words away : for still
The little maid would have her will,
And said, "nay we are seven."

J. Kendrew, Printer, York.